

The Trey O'Hearts

Romantic Tale by Louis Joseph Vance.

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Household Interests

SOCIETY

Personal Notes

Dr. Brady's Health Talks

RAISING THE WIND

SYNOPSIS. By arrangement with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, it is possible to read "The Trey O'Hearts" in The Times-Dispatch and have it printed in the newspaper. **Synopsis of previous chapters.** The Trey o' hearts is the death signal which through his daughter Judith, a young woman of robust humor, he saves against Alan. Alan, now lover of Judith, under dramatic circumstances, has lost the life of Judith and she has lost her love. But, like a rose, she remains faithful to Rose, who, learning of her father's death, has given up all search of him. She finds him after his return, comforted him, and they start on the homeward journey. Law, receiving the death signal, has been sent to the scene of the adventure by others and charges the venture. Captain Barnes agrees to take Alan, and Captain Barnes' wife, Alice, never having met either, takes him and goes to his place. She pushes the captain overboard. Alan disappears and Judith is not seen again. The captain, however, has a friend, deacon, who, by means of an improvement in his health, Alan and Judith are reunited. They go to the beach where they are comforted and their boat capsized by law and Barnes, who had fled.

CHAPTER NINE.—IN THE LIFEBOAT

He saw Barnes, rudely roused and still dumb with sleepy confusion, lie no better case—locked to his feet and held captive by two more fishermen. A fifth had taken charge of Rose, clamping her wrists in the seat of one old boat.

The fourth and sole member of the boarding party, likewise in the tough and ready garb of a fisherman, was Judith. Thus:

Down the side a heavy lifeboat ground its way westward, the house end of its painter slipping over the rail even as Alan caught sight of it. Once it seemed Barnes had recovered suddenly.

Observing this, one of the men in charge of Alan, who had as yet been silent, addressed the fisherman:

"Please stop the boat. I have permission to prevent the loss of the lifeboat." He stopped him with a peremptory gesture.

"Na-let it go. We're better off without it. Hold that man fast till I fetch a rope. We'll make sure of them both, this time!"

Striding forward in the grasp of her guard, Rose implored her sister Judith in pity's name, thinking what you are doing?"

"Hold your tongue!" Judith snapped suddenly. "Another whisper out of you, and I'll have you mangled!"

The balance of her thought, though accompanied by the exhibition of an automatic pistol, was drowned out by the sudden roar of a steamship far ahead, so close aboard that it seemed almost to come from the forecastle deck.

As it was answered by shrill and hoarse cries of terror and of warning, from a dozen throats, Alan found himself released, his captors leaping for their lives to the surf.

Some one abeam the schooner, with the voice of a steamer, bellowed a terrible command:

"Stop your engines! Shut off your propeller! Stop your propeller!"

Then, like the wrath of God, the tempest overwhelmed the lesser ship. Its bow seemed to slice through the schooner as a knife through cheese. And the two halves were fairly driven under water by the frightful force of the billows.

Trapped, straining him, Alan was jolted bodily through the air fully twenty feet.

When he came up he struck out at random, blindly tormented by the vision of Rose caught in the sick of that gigantic wheel, drawn under, crushed and mangled by the propeller of the vast black bulk whose tank was the hull of the schooner, whose cliff top arm behind his shoulders.

Aware of several dark objects darting the surface within a radius of several yards, he swam for the nearest. The head was a woman's; the face turned toward him, the face of Rose.

He gasped wildly: "Keep cool! Don't struggle! Put one hand on my shoulder, and—"

What happened then was never quite clear to him; hardly knew that he was forced to fight for his very life—that the woman, as soon as he came within reach, flung herself upon him, like some maddest animal, clutching his throat, winding her limbs round his dragging him down and down.

Primitive instinct alone saved him. He remembered later, most vaguely, the colloquialism that died beneath the water—remembered it, and an arm, drawing it back, delivering a blow from his shoulder, with all his strength, flinging himself free, struggling back to the air.

Then a boathook caught the back of his shirt and dragged him for some distance until two strong hands caught him beneath the armpits and hauled him head above the water.

He looked up wistfully into the face of Barnes, and, still bewildered, strained finally.

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